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DR. ARNOTT'S STOVE,

IN THE LONG ROOM OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE.

DR. ARNOTT'S STOVE,

IN THE LONG ROOM OF THE CUSTOM-HOUSE,
LONDON.

In consequence of numerous complaints by the persons engaged in business in the Custom-House, of indisposition supposed to arise from the impurity of the air caused by the then mode of warming the Long Room, Government referred the investigation of the matter to Dr. Ure, who having reported that the complaints were well founded, and correctly attributed to the heating and ventilation, it was resolved to try the effect of a stove on Dr. Arnott's principle, on a large scale, in the centre of the room; and, in pursuance of this determination, the elegant apparatus herewith represented has been constructed, under the superintendence of the inventor, by Messrs. Branch and Co., after a design furnished by the architect to the building.

The stove itself is of a circular form, upwards of 7 feet in height, and about 5 feet in diameter. It stands on a pedestal nearly 2 feet high, and is surmounted by a canopy 12 feet in diameter, made of copper, with brass ornaments. The stove is of iron, with bronze embellishments. The tube to which the canopy is attached, and by which it appears to be suspended from the ceiling, is the chimney.

THE TULIP AND THE ROSE.

A TULIP and a fair moss-rose,
Within my garden grew,
And both so bright, I knew not which
With partial eyes to view:
The tulip, like the world a gay charma,
In rich attire was drest.
The rose was clad in humblest garb
And gentle loveliness.

But death came like a wintry blast,
The tulip droop'd its head,
Its gay attractions all were lost,
Its short-lived charms were drest.
The balmy fragrance of the rose
Outliv'd its maiden bloom,
And shed a soft delicious breath
Around its humble tomb.

The fairest forms, alas! decay,
And beauty soon is past,
But virtue, like the rose's scent,
Eternally shall last.

J. M. BLONDEVILLE.

STANZAS.

(For the Mirror.)

For ever! no—it cannot be!
My heart, though thought, that we must part,
Will throb as if it beat from thee.
Those thrilling words—no part for ever!
No—let us cherish to the last,
Those hours, that time hath often blighted;
Our lives, till death's sad summons are past,
Will not be wholly disrupted.

Perhaps it may be wise at first,
To meet those evils we foretell;
But though my thoughts forbode the worst,
My lips can only breathe—farewell!

Winchester.

L.

* We regret the other favour of our fair friend cannot be inserted; it being, in reality, what Sheridan calls, the "puff oblique."

THE BISHOP'S BREECHES.

BISHOP BONIFACE looked at the clock, jumped up hastily, and cried to his servant, "Here, Joseph, come and help me dress! it is high time I was ready."

Joseph hurried off to the wardrobe, and brought out the good bishop's pontificals, and articles of dress, among which was a pair of black silk breeches. We earnestly request our readers not to shake their heads at the name of this essential article of dress. They play an important part in this tale of ours, but with all proper delicacy. We will only remark, that it seems to us very suspicious, that the name of this innocent piece of clothing is, now-a-days, never mentioned in polite society: to the pure all things are pure.

As the bishop was putting them on, he noticed that they were torn, or, more properly, ripped open. "Give me another pair," said he, "and take these to Agath, and leave word to have them mended, neatly."

Agath was the right reverend prelate's tailor. But Joseph had just come from the country, so that he did not know the respectable artist, and had never even heard his name. He knew, however, that, not far from the bishop's palace, was a convent, known by the name of the Sisterhood of St. Agatha. This, it occurred to him, must be the meaning of Agath, and, being a simple-minded soul, he easily made up his mind that the bishop must be in the habit of having all the needful repairs of his garments done by his spiritual daughters. So he wrapped the breeches up in a napkin, went to the cloister, and asked for the abbess.

The venerable dame, as soon as she learned that one of the bishop's serving men was waiting with a message to her, supposed that some important communication was to be made respecting the affairs of the convent; so she hurried to the parlour, and ordered the messenger to be sent for. He entered the room, made a clumsy bow, and began, "The Lord Bishop greets you well, and sends you here a patient he wants you to cure:" so saying, he opened his bundle, laid the breeches in the hands of the abbess, which she had just raised to heaven, in astonishment, and hurried off. In horror and disgust, she threw the pantaloons (to use the gentlest word we can) on a chair, and said to herself, "What shameful, unheard of audacity! Our bishop must be mad, or else he must be like St. Augustine, who says, in chapter thirty-one of his confessions, that though drunkness is far from me, yet has intoxication sometimes overtaken my servant." Then she began to reflect what was to be done in this critical emergency. In her first despair she was almost tempted to seize on the offending article with the tongue, and let it be consumed by fire; but she moderated her fury, and finally decided to call a grand council of the virgin sisterhood.

The great bell of the convent brought toge-

ther all its inmates. They formed a curious anxious circle round the abbess, who had covered over the *corpus delicti* with a cloak. "Bishop Boniface, my dear sisters," so she began, "has offered us a gross insult, in sending to us, with a request to repair certain injuries it is alleged to have suffered, a piece of clothing, the very name of which a modest nun will not allow to pass her lips, much less take the article itself in her hand." With those awful words, she removed the cloak that covered the monster. The nuns uttered a shriek of horror and fled.

The abbess, however, called them back, assured them—to allay their fears—that the objectionable black silks had been again covered up. They returned dutifully, but held their fingers before their eyes the whole time. The question was submitted to the female conventicle, what was to be done in this ticklish business. The opinion of a large majority was decided, that though it would never do to make an enemy of the bishop, still nothing should tempt them to take hold of the unmentionable sweater. After a long discussion, the abbess conceived the idea of giving the job to a novice, named Antonia, whose year of probation was not half out, and, consequently, being less sacred than her sisters, might be perhaps induced to perform so worldly an office.

Antonia was the daughter of a rich farmer, a tenant of the bishop's, who had sent her to the convent because she was bent on marrying the son of a poor neighbour. The young lady had not yet lost her love for the world, and sighed sorely to get back to it. When the abbess brought her down, and stated the work she was wanted to do, she conceived a faint hope that it might be of some advantage to her; so she unhesitatingly agreed to do it. Then nuns laughed, and whispered each other, as Antonia, as coolly as possible, took the breeches under her arm, and retired to her cell. The repairs, which had produced such a commotion in the convent, were very slight, and might have been done in five minutes. But Antonia was thinking of other things than sewing. As soon as she had finished, she pulled out a concealed inkstand, and began to write a letter to her Frederick, the presence of the breeches smiting like that of a familiar spirit, to keep away all intruders. Just as she was at the end of her epistle, the heavy tread of the old abbess was heard along the corridor, coming nearer and nearer. If she should be caught writing a love-letter! Antonia hardly knew, in her confusion, what to do with her *billet-doux*, so she slipped it into one of the pockets of the breeches, took them on her lap again, and began to sew, zealously.

The abbess asked, as she came in, "Are you ready, child?" "Not quite yet, gracious lady," was the answer. "How, you lazy one!" said the lady abbess, and clapped her huge spectacles on her nose to examine the work. "The torn place is repaired, is not that all?" "There—there are some buttons loose besides,

madam." "We have no call to fasten them on. Nothing is gained by excessive zeal." So saying, she snatched the breeches away from the damsel's lap, and hid them under her cloak. Antonia, anxious to recover her letter, insisted on carrying them for the abbess, and was so zealous in her politeness as almost to use force; but it was in vain, the abbess prevailed.

The next day happened to be the bishop's birthday, on which he gave a grand entertainment, to which all the prelates and nobles round about were invited. The cups went round fast and full, for his reverence loved to see his guests merry, and merry enough they were, when our old acquaintance, Joseph, the shrewd servant, came in, bringing a neat little basket of flowers, which he said had been left with the porter, as a birthday present, by some person or persons unknown.

The bishop smiled as he looked at the delicate texture of the basket, and said, "I wish I was as sure of a cardinal's hat as I am that this is a convent present. You see, gentlemen, I am in the good graces of the venerable sisters. There is some pretty present below the flowers, I'll engage." He turned out the flowers, and soon came to a solid body, pinned up in silver paper. He showed it round the table in triumph, and challenged his guests to guess its contents. Each one prophesied something prettier than his neighbour, till the bishop opened the paper, and out came—his old breeches! The roars of laughter with which his prize was welcomed, confused him so much that he could not, at first, find or seek an explanation. But, a few questions to Joseph made all clear, and a second chorus of laughter arose, in which the right reverend joined as heartily as any one.

The bishop dressed himself early next day, meaning to go to the convent, and explain the unlucky mistake which his servant's stupidity had occasioned. He determined to put on the eventful pair of breeches in question, by way of compliment to the ladies who had repaired them. As he was putting his purse into one of the pockets, he felt a folded paper, "O the wicked sisters!" thought he at first—they have been sending me a tailor's bill. When he opened the letter, however, he read as follows:

DEAR FRED.—Rejoice, rejoice! I have found out a way to do a service to the bishop; in a small way enough, indeed. What do you think! I have turned tailoress to his holiness, and begun my duties by mending a pair of black silk breeches yesterday. See him if you can, and tell him how much he is indebted to me, without knowing it. Tell him the only pay his tailoress will take is her discharge from this—

Here the manuscript ended abruptly. The good bishop laughed once again at the merry boldness of his tailoress, and resolved to pay her for her labour in the way she desired. After making his excuses to the abbess, he sent for Antonia, who confessed, at once, the au-

thorship of the letter, and moreover, the small vocation she felt for a monastic life. The bishop, we have said, was a kind man, as well as a merry: he used his influence with Antonia's parents so successfully, that, in a little time, she had left the convent, and married Frederick; and, to this day, she maintains that the best day's work she ever did in her life was mending the *bishop's breeches*.—*New York Mirror*.

APOLOGUE.

THE VINE AND THE OAK.

AN ivy vine which reared its head among the trees of the forest, said unto an oak near which it grew, "Bend thy trunk, most noble oak, and grant to me thy support." "You may rely on my support," answered the oak, "and on my strength to bear you up; and, though I am too large and solid to bend, yet, if you will but, my pretty vine, put your arms around me, I will manfully support and cherish you, even should you have an ambition to climb as high as the clouds; and, while you grow among my branches, you will ornament my rough trunk with your green leaves and shining scarlet berries, which will be as frontlets to my head, and I shall stand in the forest like a glorious warrior, arrayed in all his plumes. We were intended to grow together, that, by our union, the weak might be made strong, and the strong be enabled to render aid to the weak." "But I should feel happy," said the vine, "to grow independently; cannot you twine around me, that I may grow up straight, and not be dependent upon you." "It is impossible," answered the oak, "for nature did not so design it; and were you to attempt to grow to any height alone, you would discover that the winds and rain, or your own weight, would bring you to the ground; neither would it be proper for you to run your arms among the trees of the forest; for the trees would begin to say, this is not my vine, it is a stranger—got thee gone, I will not cherish thee. By this time thou wouldest be so entangled among the different branches, that thou couldst not get back to the oak; and no one would then admire or pity thee." "Oh, let me escape," said the vine, "from such a destiny," and, twining herself around the oak, they grew and flourished together.

CATACOMBS OF EGYPT.

AARON HILL, during his residence in Egypt, was accompanied by two gentlemen, to visit some of the catacombs, and was conducted by one of the natives of the country as a guide. On arriving at the spot, they, without taking any notice of some men who were sauntering about the place, descended by ropes into the vault; but no sooner were they let down, than they were presented with a spectacle that

struck them with horror. Two gentlemen, apparently starved to death, lay before them; one of these unhappy victims had a tablet in his hand, on which was written in very pathetic language, the story of their lamentable fate. It appeared that they were brothers of rank and family in Venice, and having, in the course of their travels, intrusted themselves with one of the natives, for the purpose of visiting the catacombs, the guide had left them to perish. The danger to which Mr. Hill and his friends were exposed, instantly alarmed them; and they had scarcely read the tale, when, on looking up, they beheld the man who had accompanied them, assisted by two others, whom they had seen near the spot, closing the entrance into the vault. They were now reduced to the utmost distress; but they were determined to make a desperate effort to rescue themselves, if possible, from so appalling a situation. Having drawn their swords, and commenced groping about in the dark, they were startled at the groans of some one, seemingly in thy agonies of death; they listened to the dismal sound; and, at length, by the light from the top of the catacomb, they discovered a man just murdered, and a little beyond, they beheld the assassins flying with the utmost precipitation. They immediately pursued them, but although not able to overtake them, they fortunately reached the opening through which the assassins escaped out of the cavern, before they had time to roll the stone on the top of it. W. G. C.

ABSTRACTS FROM THE READINGS OF A BOOKWORM.

EMINENT PERSONS.

MRS. MONTAGUE AND MRS. CHAPONE.

WRAXALL, in his "Historical Memoirs," vol. I., p. 142, says, that "Mrs. Montague, in 1776, verged towards her 60th year; but her person, which was thin, spare, and in good preservation, gave her an appearance of less antiquity. From the infirmities often attendant on advanced life, she was almost wholly exempt. All the lines of her countenance spoke intelligence, and her eyes were accommodated to her countenance, the features of which had in them something satirical and severe, rather than inviting or amiable.—There was nothing feminine about her, and though her opinions were generally just, as well as delivered in a manner to give them weight, yet the organ which conveyed them was not soft or harmonious."

Mrs. Chapone, he says elsewhere, under one of the most repulsive exteriors that any woman ever possessed, concealed many superior attainments, and extensive knowledge.

SUWABLOW.

This extraordinary man was possessed of perhaps one of the most eccentric characters ever heard of. Like his master, Paul, he must,

to use a common saying, have been somewhat disturbed in the upper story. What man, for instance, in his right senses, would awaken his army in the following manner: get on horseback in his shirt, sans bridle, sans saddle, sans everything; and walk his horse about, cawing like a cock! What man, endowed with a spark of reason, would go hopping about the streets of St. Petersburg, on one foot, throwing apples at boys to make them scramble and fight, at the same time crying out:—"I am Suwarrow! I am the great Suwarrow!" And yet this man was the conqueror of the Turks, and of the Poles, and, as his ferocious eye would immediately bespeak, this man, too, was the butcher of the unfortunate inhabitants of Praga. *Aussi* says, he deserved the description given of him as having the body of an ape, and the soul of a bull-dog. His mouth was horrid, literally foaming.

Referring to a highly interesting work, the "Secret History of the Court of St. Petersburg," we find that Suwarrow was in the habit of retiring to rest at six o'clock in the evening, and of rising at two in the morning, when he took a cold bath, or had some pails of water thrown over him. He dined at eight; and his dinner, like his breakfast, consisted of the coarsest soldier's fare, and brandy; to invite a man to such a repast, would make him shudder. It appears, further, that, in the middle of his meal, one of his aides-de-camp would sometimes come up to him, and forbid him to eat more. "And by whose orders am I forbidden?" Suwarrow would ask. "By the orders of Marshal Suwarrow himself," was the reply. The marshal would then rise and say, "he must be obeyed." In the same manner, he often caused himself to take a walk in his own name.

AIKIN.

Clavering, in his Autobiography, makes the following mention of the doctor:—"As to old John Aikin, with his great bottle nose, he was a sensible, literary labourer, but deficient in vigour and fire. He was dull in conversation, so was his sister, Mrs. Barbauld, with her little dissenting parson for a husband, whom she could put in her pocket, but she was a good poetess, and an excellent prose writer."

DRYDEN.

There are some facts connected with the burial of Dryden, which, I believe, are not generally known. Dr. Johnson makes mention of them in his "Lives of the Poets." It appears that Dryden died in the month of May, 1701, and that, as soon as the news reached Dr. Sprat, who was then Bishop of Rochester, and Dean of Westminster, he sent word to Lady Elizabeth Howard, who was the poet's widow, that he would make her a present of the ground and the abbey fees, altogether amounting to about 50*l*. Lord Halifax, too, sent word, that if Lady Elizabeth and her son, Mr. Charles Dryden, were willing, he would bury the poet

with a gentleman's private funeral, and afterwards advance 500*l*. towards a monument in the abbey. To this, the lady and her son acquiesced. Accordingly, on the Saturday following the corpse was put into a velvet hearse, and eighteen mourning carriages, filled with company, attended. They were just on the point of starting, when," says Johnson's authority, "the Lord Jeffreys, son of the Lord Chancellor Jeffreys, with some of his rakish companions, coming by, asked whose funeral it was, and being told Mr. Dryden's, he said, 'what! shall Dryden, the greatest honour and ornament of the nation, be buried after this private manner! No, gentlemen, let all that loved Mr. Dryden, and honour his memory, alight, and join with me in gaining my lady's consent to let me have the honour of his interment, which shall be after another manner than this, and I will bestow 1000*l*. on a monument for him in the abbey.' The gentlemen in the coaches, not knowing of the Bishop of Rochester's favour, readily came out of the coaches, and attended Lord Jeffreys up to the lady's bedside, who was then sick; he repeated the purport of what he had before said; but she absolutely refusing, he fell on his knees, vowing never to rise, till his request was granted.

The rest of the company, by his desire, knelt also, and the lady, being under a sudden surprise, fainted away. As soon as she recovered her speech, she cried, 'no, no.' 'Enough,' replied he, 'gentlemen, the lady is very good, she says, 'go, go.' She repeated her former words with all her strength, but in vain, for her feeble voice was lost in their acclamations of joy, and the Lord Jeffreys ordered the hearsmen to carry the corpse to Mr. Russel's, an undertaker, and leave it there till he should send orders for the embalment; which, he said, should be after the royal manner. His directions were obeyed, the company dispersed, and Lady Elizabeth and her son remained inconsolable. The next day, Mr. C. Dryden waited on the Bishop and Lord Halifax to excuse his mother and himself, but neither would hear of any plea, especially the latter, who had the abbey lighted, the ground opened, the choir attending, an anthem ready set, and himself waiting for some time, without any corpse to bury. The undertaker, after three days of expectance of orders for embalment, without any, waited on the Lord Jeffreys, who, pretending ignorance of the matter, turned it off with an ill-natured jest. Upon this, the undertaker waited upon the Lady Elizabeth and her son, and threatened to bring the corpse home, and set it before the door. They desired a day's respite, which was granted. Mr. C. Dryden wrote a handsome letter to the Lord Jeffreys, who returned it with this cool answer. 'That he knew nothing of the matter, and would be troubled no more about it.' He then addressed the Bishop of Rochester and the Lord Halifax, who both absolutely refused to do any thing in it. In this distress, Dr. Garth sent for the corpse to the College

of Physicians, who proposed a funeral by subscription, to which himself set a most noble example. At last, a day, about three weeks after the death of Mr. Dryden, was appointed for the interment. Dr. Garth pronounced a fine oration at the college over the corpse, which was attended to the abbey by a numerous train of coaches."

Dr. Johnson adds this note:—"This story I had intended to omit, as it appears with no great evidence; but, having been since informed that there is in the register of the College of Physicians, an order, relating to Dryden's funeral, I can doubt its truth no longer."

JUDGE JEFFREYS.

This infamous monster, (I do not consider the appellation to be a whit too harsh) was of a daring aspect, he cared for no man, no man's eye could make him cower. Possessed, as he was, of great volubility of words, clear and quick at discovering the weak side of his opponent, he took a special delight in venting all his bull-dog ferocity upon him. His father, who claimed descent from Tudor Trevor, Earl of Hereford, was of a different cast from his notorious son. He appears to have been a homely, frugal person, much respected, and altogether void of the ambition which raised his son to the chancellorship. To judge from the manner in which he received him, on the occasion of one of his visits, with all the display of pomp he was so fond of exhibiting to the eyes of the awe-stricken multitude, he must have been startled out of all forbearance, for he spared neither reproof nor disdain. The sober father lived to be an old man, without being a chancellor—the chancellor was never an old man, the father outlived the son.

Many differ as to the mode of the judge's death; some aver he died in consequence of his intemperate habits; others, that he died of grief, but the general opinion would seem to indicate, that the anxiety that harassed the latter part of his life, brought on a severe fit of the stone, his old complaint.

In 1810, during some repairs at St. Mary's Aldermanbury, his coffin was exposed to view for some time, and the public could look upon the box which contained the remains of the hated magistrate, without fear.

MR. FOSTER'S AVIARY, STOKE NEWINGTON.

MR. WILLIAM PEN FOSTER, surgeon, of Church Street, Stoke Newington, possesses a very interesting collection of tame birds, which he has kindly offered to show to any of our scientific readers who will call upon him. We have visited him, and been much pleased to see so many birds, seventy or more, living in apparent health and happiness, and free from all fear. They are kept in an aviary (about twenty one foot in length, nine in width, and twelve in height), which stands in the open air, and adjoins the back parlour window,

which forms the entrance to it. To render them more at home and reconciled to their situation, they have grassy banks, gravelly paths, living shrubs, dead stumps of trees, pieces of bark, bits of rock-work, a stream, a little pool, and a fountain, placed within their territory. They have plenty of fresh air, as two sides of the aviary as well as the top are formed of netting, the meshes of which permit not merely the air, but the refreshing showers and insects to enter. While we were present, a goldfinch made his way out through one of the meshes, yet he did not attempt to escape, but, after hopping a bit round the outside, he showed every anxiety to return and join his tame companions. All the birds have the free use of their wings, yet they never attempt to elope from the premises, even when the window and parlour doors are left open.

The several species at present in the aviary, are the blackbird, the thrush, the skylark, the woodlark, the titlark, the goldfinch, the chaffinch, the bulfinch, the greenfinch, the brambling, or brambling, the siskin, the redstart, the redpole, the linnet, the robin, the nightingale, the canary, and the great tit, or ox-eye. All of them will come readily to feed from the hand of either their master or mistress. A nightingale, which was procured from the nest, and brought up by the hand, is so exceedingly tame, that he will hop upon the finger of any person, and remain perched upon it, while he is carried about the room, or even the garden, to catch the flies upon the walls or the windows. One nightingale began to sing here in the commencement of December, but did not utter his full note till about the middle of April; and Mr. Foster informs us, that a wild nightingale was heard singing, by Mr. William Allen, at Linfield, in Surrey, in the beginning of last February. To this we may add, that Mr. Edward Newman says, he has frequently seen the nightingale in the neighbourhood of Godalming, in Surrey, in October, and once in November, and that he heard one singing there, clearly and distinctly, although not very loud, on December 12, 1823 or 1824. Cowper, the poet, has written some verses to a nightingale, which he heard singing on New Year's Day, in 1792.

One of the most unusual circumstances which have occurred in this aviary, is the breeding of the skylark. Dr. Bechstein says, that skylarks will pair in confinement, but that he could never succeed in making them sit. One of his neighbours, notwithstanding the greatest care, succeeded no better, though he had a hen which laid from twenty to twenty-five eggs annually. A pair of skylarks which Mr. Foster has had about six years, made a nest, and reared their young last year, and also in the present year. The parents fed them on bread, egg, spiders, and small maggots. Only one of last year's brood is alive. A cock greenfinch and a hen canary, paired, built a nest in a little fir-tree, and brought up their offspring. The goldfinches also breed here.

A pair of foreign birds, called cut-throat sparrows, (*Loria fasciata*), are now engaged in building a nest, with straw and feathers, behind some rook-work, on the floor of a large cage which is kept in the parlour. These facts alone would be sufficient to show that much amusement and instruction may be derived from animals, when we render them fearless of us by treating them with kindness. Altogether, Mr. Foster's aviary is a delightful sight, and we wish that those who keep birds, and profess to be fond of them, would follow his example, and abolish the barbarous practice of imprisoning their little songsters in narrow cages.

J. H. F.

New Books.

Presence of Mind, and Pride. Two Tales, by Phoebe Blyth. Harvey and Darton.

These Tales form one of those valuable series of books which tend so much to subdue the bad passions, improve the morals, and elevate the mind of youth. The Tale of *Pride* ought to be read, and studied, by all boys. It is impossible to speak too highly of works that aim to make the juvenile part of society wiser, better, and happier.

Autobiography of Thomas Platter. Wertheim.

THIS is an entertaining Robinson Crusoeish piece of autobiography. Our hero seems to have been a man of versatile talent—"at all things ever, and at nothing long"—for he was, firstly, a goatherd; then a travelling-scholar, and began to study; commences rope-maker, and a Hebrew professor; becomes armour-bearer, and then schoolmaster: he next engages in the wars at Zurich; obtains a Greek professorship; turns printer; becomes professor again—and dies! The incidents naturally attendant on such singular changes in life are told with great simplicity, and apparent truth: they are pregnant with most amusing anecdotes. This little memoir cannot fail of ensuring plenty of readers, from the varied nature of the interesting contents. It is embellished with a portrait and other illustrations, from German engravings. Platter seems to have been a good man, and therefore we recommend his adventures to the notice of our young friends.

Memoirs of Charles Mathews, Comedian. By Mrs. Mathews. Bentley.

[We resume our excerpts from this truly entertaining work. There is a freshness and reality about their pages, and him whom we admired on the stage, is as amusing in private, as he was before in public. If the writing of Mrs. Mathews be not a finished picture, it is at least a most pleasing sketch.]

Mathews' Theatrical Properties.

"Mr. Copeland, of the Dover Theatre, saw in his list of properties, four oranges and two

eggs, and said to Trotter, 'What! does he do tricks with these! I never heard that before. Why, I saw no conjuring mentioned in the bills' (!) Oranges and the yolk of eggs were the only refreshment he resorted to during his performances, or when he found his voice impaired by exertion."

Mathews' little pet, "Fop."

"Fop ran yesterday thirty-two miles: he put several flocks of geese to the rout, as usual." This little animal (one of the smallest of the terrier race) had journeyed with Mr. Mathews two years before, and ran with the post-horses thirty and forty miles a day. The peasantry of Ireland hallooed after it with wonder, calling, and perhaps believing it a rat: nay, at Limerick, a poor fellow one day, on the borders of the town, exciting the particular commiseration of my husband, (who being, as usual, without money in his pocket, desired the man to call at his lodging next day,) cried out, 'Sure, sirr, I'll not forget, and don't I know it's the gentleman who has a rat always runnin' after his carriage!'

Mathews at Dublin.

"I have been 'werry much applauded for what I have done,' and I have strutted through the streets like a first-rate fighting cock, and felt inclined to snap my fingers at all I met."

The Mayor of Kilkenny and his Deputy.

"Mr. Mathews, on his arrival at Kilkenny, issued bills for his performance, but through inadvertency, no application was made for the Mayor's permission. In the course of the forenoon, while Mr. Mathews was lounging in the library of the parade, the city constable rushed in, fury sparkling in his eyes, and, with a roll of paper in his hand—"Is a M-M-M-Mr. Mathews here?" said he—for the room was full of gentlemen, several of whom, through the maniac appearance of the constable, retired to the end of the room; but Mr. Mathews instantly announced himself. Upon this, the constable unfolded his roll, which was one of Mr. Mathews's bills, "How darest you, sir, put forth them bills without the Mayor's permission! Hese worship is mad, and you must come along with me to the office directly." Mr. Mathews, perhaps, remembering that a dog's obeyed in office," went to the Mayor's office. On his return, he ordered a few more bills to be printed, with the head, 'By permission of the Worshipful John Kirshels, Esq. Mayor,' observing, 'the mayor was very polite, and, as you said, behaved like a gentleman; but his deputy, that ruffian-looking fellow—I declare I thought I was arrested for high treason.' The report had, indeed, already spread through the town that he was arrested, and that there would be no performance that night."

Mathews and the Apothecary.

"Mathews believed, and really with great

reason, that medicine had no power over his constitution, and this rendered him very sceptical of the 'healing art.' He, however, allowed a friend one day to introduce to him his own favourite apothecary, to cure a heart-burn, to which he was subject. The apothecary affirmed that he could relieve him speedily, and it was agreed that some 'little thing' should be made. In about half an hour, a packet—some pills and half a dozen draughts—was delivered, which were duly swallowed. On the morrow the apothecary called, inquired anxiously as to relief, &c., but was told there was no alteration in symptoms or sensations. He appeared naturally surprised, looked again at his patient's tongue, felt his pulse, put on a cheerful and confident air, said he should that day alter the particulars of his draughts, &c.; but to his amazement, the calm and apparently obedient listener, his *patient*, informed him that he never took a second prescription where the first failed. Remonstrance followed surprise, but it was useless, and the doctor left the house wonderfully chagrined. We were told soon after that this person was the most inveterate bill-maker that ever existed, and never let off any victim under some pounds worth of attendance."

Mathews' Gains.

"Norwich-week gave me 130*l*. Bravo! above the 'right reading.'"—"Doncaster, last night, produced me 60*l*. and an excellent audience."—"This week, (notwithstanding two wet nights at Leeds, which did me considerable damage, for it poured exactly at playtime,) I have cleared my 100*l*. Bravo!"—"Little Halifax, all the pit turned into boxes, 60*l*."—"My two nights here (Newcastle) have produced me 157*l*., making, since last Saturday, 237*l*! Beyond the 'right reading' again."—"The liberal, indeed, the splendid patronage I have received," &c. &c.

His own Notion of his Profession.

"I do not study with an unworthy view to outrage private feelings, by holding up personal defects to ridicule; but with the more useful, and, at the same time, less offensive object of showing, how easily peculiarities become disagreeable if suffered to grow into habits; and how frequently habits, if so indulged in, may become ridiculous. Such, with all humility, I consider to be the fair game of what is attempted to be degraded by the name of mimicry. It is *that* in the physical world, which *satire* is in the moral; and if the work of a *satirist of manners* be not degraded by the appellation of a lampoon, I know not why the exhibition of an *imitator of manner* should be classed with the mere grimaces of a buffoon."

Madame Blanchard at Paris.

"Madame Blanchard ascended from Tivoli in a balloon the night before last; it was illuminated, and she carried fireworks with her. Soon after rising she entered a cloud, and was lost to sight for several seconds. On re-ap-

pearing she let off some fireworks, and shortly after I perceived a stream of fire issuing from the lower part of the balloon. In an instant it was in flames; and she fell, with terrible rapidity, from a great height—still in her car—struck with a frightful crash on the roof of a house just opposite my window, and thence rebounded into the street. It is said that she held with such force to the framework of her car, that several of her arteries had snapped through the effort. She was buried yesterday. I cannot get rid of the recollection," &c.—Letter of Mr. Poole to Mr. Mathews.

Mathews at Mess.

"I dined on Thursday at the Barracks, at York, on the invitation of Captain Chatterton, and was not asked to sing! The officers had dressed up a monkey in the full dress of the regiment; and he was brought in after dinner and placed upon the table, and drank a glass of wine, bowing all round. I laughed myself nearly into fits. You may easily imagine the odd effect, with the complete dress, (which cost three guineas.) When the tail was hid, it was a miniature officer. An Irishman present said, 'Colonel Ross brings him upon the table every day, and if you don't immediately give him something to eat, he will throw it at you.' The Colonel's servant, a real Dermot, seeing the sun shining powerfully in my face, said, 'Sirr, if you please, does the sun disoblige you! If it does, I'll be after putting him out of the room.'"

French Monument Jumpers.

"The only remarkable change that has occurred in Paris (1819) is, that the gay people have taken it into their heads to jump out of garret windows; and that, where the houses are several stories high, is no joke. Two instances of this kind lately occurred on the same day, and within a few paces of each other. They were both women, and one of them went with her infant tied round her waist. Another woman has, within the last week, performed the same experiment, which, though death to the others, has merely cost her both legs, which were immediately cut off."

Presents to propitiate Puffs.

"Amongst the extraordinary effects of the popularity of my husband's 'At Home,' were the applications made under every kind of pretext, letters being sent to him from all sorts of professions and trades about town. One man offered him snuff for himself and friends if he would only mention the name and shop of the manufacturer. Another promised him a perpetual polish for his boots upon the same terms. He was solicited to mention every sort of exhibition, and to puff all the new quack medicines. The wines sent for him to taste, though said to be of the 'finest quality,' nevertheless required 'a bush,' expected to be hung out nightly at his 'house of entertainment' for 'value received.' Patent filters; wigs and

walcoats; boots and boathooks; 'ventilating hats' and bosom friends, all *gratis*! And an advertising dentist one day presented himself, offering to teeth our whole family, if Mr. Mathews would draw his metallic teeth into notice. In fact, he was so inundated with presents and petitions, that our cottage sometimes looked like a bazaar: and I had frequently occasion to exercise my ingenuity in contriving how and to whom I might convey generally useless articles forced upon our acceptance. In fact, we eventually paid for them by purchases or presents, of and to the parties from whom they came, in order to smooth down their disappointments at my husband's declining to comply with the requests with which they were accompanied.

(To be continued.) 277

BIRTH-PLACE OF MATHEWS.

THE hero of the sock and buskin was born in the house of his father, No. 18, Strand, two doors east of Hungerford Street. It was taken down a few years since on account of the necessary alterations attendant on the erection of the New Hungerford Market. It was for many years the favoured resort of eminent dissenting ministers, such as the late learned Dr. Adam Clarke, the Rev. Rowland Hill, &c., &c. On the death of Mr. Mathews, the business came into the hands of Mr. Leigh, his son-in-law.



M. DAGUERRE'S PROCESS OF ENGRAVING.

THE process of M. Daguerre is no longer a secret;—conjecture is set at rest by the whole matter having been divulged. From the time we first heard of the effects of photography, and of the Daguerrotype, which were thought to be one and the same thing, though they are decidedly dissimilar, we have lost no opportunity to acquaint ourselves with whatever might transpire respecting these extraordinary engravings,—engravings, not executed under the management of artists, but of chemical experimentalists. The over-eagerness of many of our contemporaries to lay something new about it before their readers, has led to many hearsay errors having been published; and we, therefore, are not sorry that we determined to wait until a better light had been thrown upon the subject. That time has come, and we now fulfil our deferred intention.

To procure an engraving by M. Daguerre's process, a thin plate of copper, one side of which has been plated with silver, must be carefully washed with a solution of nitric acid to cleanse its surface, and to remove any particles of copper which may intervene between the thin coating of silver. The plate must next be exposed, in a well-closed box, to the vapour of iodine, a small quantity of which is placed at the bottom of the box, but separated from the plate by a thin gauze, to cause the vapour to spread, or diffuse itself equally. The room must be darkened meanwhile, and the plate must be surrounded with a small metallic frame, to prevent the vapour of iodine from condensing in larger quantities round the margin than in the centre. In about twenty minutes, when the plate has acquired a yellow colour, it must be withdrawn from the vapour. The plate must now be placed inside the camera obscura, at a focus previously ascertained, and carefully preserved from the faintest action of light; for, if exposed to it for only the tenth of a second, it would become affected by it. As soon as the camera, containing the plate, is steadily placed on a proper station for receiving the picture required, the light is admitted through the focal lens, and the plate soon receives an impression of the objects comprising the scene. When the plate is removed from the camera the impression is hardly perceptible, but it becomes distinct enough when it has been submitted to the vapour of mercury, at a temperature of sixty degrees Reaumur, contained in a small vessel at the bottom of a box used for this purpose alone. The plate must next be plunged into a solution of hydro-sulphite of soda, which acts most strongly on the parts which have not been changed by the rays of light. Lastly, to prevent the impression from undergoing any further change when exposed to the light, it must be washed in distilled water. The impression obtained is so superficial, and so little solid, that a very slight friction destroys it;

hence, it is advisable to frame the plate under glass.

Plates of copper plated with silver receive better impressions than do plates of pure silver.

The impressions are most faithful, and exquisitely delicate. M. Daguerre lately exhibited, at the Chamber of Deputies, some views of streets in Paris, and of a group of busts in the collection of the Louvre; and the minuteness of detail displayed in these views, especially in those of the streets, excited the wonder of every beholder. In one, representing the Pont Marie, all the minutest indentations and divisions of the ground, or the buildings; the goods lying on the wharf; even the small stones under the water at the edge of the stream, and the different degrees of transparency given to the water, were all shown with the most incredible accuracy. The use of a magnifying glass revealed an infinity of other details quite undistinguishable by the naked eye, and more particularly in the foliage of trees.

At the present moment this process of engraving is being exhibited and explained by Mr. Cooper, at the *Polytechnic Institution*, in Regent Street, and by M. de St. Croix, at the *Adelaide Gallery*, West Strand, at two o'clock: the charge for admission to the former being two shillings, (though, according to the advertisements, it is only one,) and to the latter one shilling. We paid a visit to the former at the appointed time, and were, in common with many others, greatly disappointed in our expectation of seeing the several processes, and their progressive changes, upon the plate. The plates were so soon hid from sight after being withdrawn from the boxes, and, when exhibited for a minute or two, were only shown to those who chanced to be opposite to the lecturer, that, although we sat on the foremost form, we saw hardly any thing more than the boxes. A little locomotion on the part of the lecturer would easily have obviated all this. The oral account of the proceedings comprised so many processes, and so many minutiae, that no one, without actually seeing the particular results, could remember what he had heard, unless gifted with a most excellent memory. How much better it would be, at both institutions, to furnish the audience with a little bill of the play, explaining the different acts and scenes, and by reference to such a bill any interlude of dumb-show would be rendered intelligible. However, after the several processes had been performed, a plate was at last ready, and was then placed in the camera obscura, which was removed from the room and placed on a platform outside the window. The focal glass was directed towards the church in Langham Place, and some of the neighbouring houses. In about half an hour the camera obscura was brought back into the room, and the plate, on being taken out, was found to have a faint picture of the scene upon it, and which became more distinct after it had been submitted to the final

processes above described. The appearance of the plate was now most beautiful, exhibiting the most perfectly clear and accurate view of every object that had been reflected upon it. Another plate, representing a studio or gallery, containing various busts, was equally admirable. By substituting the powerful light of the oxy-hydrogen microscope, Mr. Cooper succeeded in representing an insect, the water-scorpion, upon another prepared plate. The fidelity and beauty of the engravings were surprising.

Biography.

MEMOIR OF SPOHL.

THIS pre-eminent musician was born at Brunswick, and educated in the *Hofcapell*; he was, at twenty years old, established at Gotha, as Kapell-meister; afterwards, he had the same situation at Vienna, in the *Theater an der Wien*, where Beethoven became his most intimate acquaintance; he then travelled in Italy, and to England, and since that time has been established at Cassel. At this last place, his duties are numerous and arduous, and leave of absence for a sufficient time to make effective journeys, is with difficulty obtained. He possesses an absorbing, but quiet enthusiasm for music, and a perfect indifference to professional gains. This is the reason why he has ceased to give concerts, and to play the violin publicly when he travels. He has, to use his own language, given up *practising* the violin; what he now possesses of execution, is merely the remains of his early acquirement: when he has composed any thing, he plays to show how it should go, and that is now the principal use of the instrument. When reminded of the fortune made by Hummel through solo playing, he said, he was a different man: Hummel was known to be fond of money. He speaks most handsomely of the rising talent of composition in Germany, and did not omit to notice with applause the pleasing things composed by Sterndale Bennett. He is a man ready to do justice to every branch of composition, perfectly liberal in his estimate of artists, and with a lively sympathy for all sorts of excellence.

His figure, which is cast in a great mould, is redeemed from clumsiness by a native dignity of bearing, wholly free from affectation or assumption. His large face, when you get near it, is really very handsome, reminding the beholder of one of the old gods in the Elgin marbles, or Keats's "Hyperion." His eyes are small, and rather deep set; high cheek bones, with the cheeks the reverse of full; a nose perfectly well formed; and a mouth, that at the corners reveals traces of the emotion experienced in a rather arduous professional life, gives the principal character to a countenance whose expression, on the whole, is that of entire calmness and benignity. His manner is perfectly simple, frank, and affectionate.

This brief notice is from a truly pleasing paper, in the last number of the *Monthly Chronicle*, entitled, "The Musician in Norwich," in which a masterly review is taken of the late Norwich Musical Festival, at St. Andrews' Hall: all lovers of music, which, we trust our readers are, will experience a great treat in perusing that account.

The author says, speaking of Spohr making his appearance at the rehearsal of the above festival, "I wish you could have heard the thundering peal of applause—the perfect storm with which all the musicians, the universal band, down to the choir boys—hailed Spohr. The reception given him must have sunk deeply into the heart of that great and good man; and it actually drew tears from the eyes of Madame Spohr. * * * His first solo exhibited a tone, less remarkable for extraordinary volume and power, than for sweetness. In that respect he is like Paganini. The sweetness of his tone is wonderful—you hear not the slightest scratch or scrape, such as the best fiddles now and then commit—all is *effort*. His portamento is like that of a great singer; it is delightful to hear him swell and diminish a long note. He puts a soul into phrases of melody rarely heard; but his style is simple and large, and his ornaments are rare. His bowing has none of the piquancy of that of the modern French school, but it is various, and brings out the passages with effect. His shake is rather slow. The surprising purity of his intonation in arpeggios, passages of difficult modulation and onharmonic changes, was highly appreciated."

WHIMSICAL SKETCH OF HENRY VIII.

He was born in 1491, and began to reign in 1493. He raised his favourites, the instruments of his crimes, from the very depth of obscurity to the pinnacle of grandeur, and after setting them up as tyrants, put them to death as slaves. He was pre-eminent in religion; first quarrelling with Luther, whose doctrines he thought too republican, he became Defender of the Catholic Faith; and then quarrelling with the Pope, who stood in the way of his murders, he was twice excommunicated. He made creeds and articles, and made it treason not to swear to them; and he burned his opponents with slow fire. He burned an historical girl, the Maid of Kent, for her opinions. He disputed with a foolish schoolmaster on the real presence, and burned him to convince him. He beheaded Bishop Fisher and Sir Thomas More, for not swearing that his own children were bastards. He robbed the churches, and gave the revenue of a convent to an old woman, for a pudding. He burned a lovely young woman (Anne Boleyn) for juddering of the real presence.

He was in love, as in religion, delicate and tender. He first married his sister-in-law, and because her children died, divorced her;

married her maid of honour, and made parliament and clergy declare he had done well. He beheaded the maid of honour for letting her handkerchief fall at a tilting, and two or three gentlemen with her, to keep her company; threw her body into an old arrow-case, and buried it therein, and the very next day married a third wife, and his parliament and clergy made it *treason* not to say it was well.

He next proposed to Francis I. to bring two princesses to Guise, and a number of other pretty French ladies, that he might choose a fourth wife among them. The French king was too gallant to bring ladies to market like cattle, so he fell in love with the picture of a Dutch lady, and married her without seeing her. When she came, he found she spoke Dutch, and did not dance well. He swore she was no maid, called her a Flanders mare, and turned her loose; and as he had destroyed Cardinal Wolsey, when he was tired of his former wife, so he beheaded Cromwell when he was surfeited with this one.

He married a fifth wife, with whom he was so delighted, that he had forms of thanksgiving composed by the Bishops, and read in the churches, and then condemned her, her grandmother, her uncles, aunts, cousins, and about a dozen in all, to be put to death. Having done all this, and much more, he died of a *rotten leg*, in the thirty-eighth year of his reign, and the fifty-sixth of his life—a royal bloodhound, and a very memorable brute.

Manners and Customs.

THE ADVENTURES OF THE MISSIONARY WILLIAMS.

(Concluded from page 243.)

[We extract from Mr. Williams' book some passages illustrative of the character of the Islanders of the Pacific, amongst whom his Missionary labours lay.]

Intellectual Capacity of the Natives.

It is a remarkable fact, that almost every race thinks itself the wisest. While, in the pride of mental superiority, civilised nations look upon barbarous tribes as almost destitute of intellect, these cherish the same sentiments towards them; and even Britons have not been exempted from degrading representations. So far back as the time of Cicero, we find evidence of the low estimate in which we have been held. In one of his epistles to his friend Atticus, the Roman orator recommends him not to obtain his slaves from Britain, because "they are so stupid, and utterly incapable of being taught, that they are unfit to form a part of the household of Atticus." At the present day, the Chinese do not form a much higher opinion of our capacities; and even with the South Sea Islanders, it is common to say, when they see a person exceedingly awkward, "How stupid you are; perhaps you are an Englishman."

Their wit and humour.

The following incident will furnish an ex-

ample of their wit and humour. A few years ago, a venerable and esteemed brother missionary came to England, and, being rather bald, some kind friends provided him with a wig. Upon his return to the islands, the chiefs and others went on board to welcome him; and, after the usual salutations, one of them said to the missionary, "You were bald when you left, and now you have a beautiful head of hair; what amazing people the English are; how did they make your hair grow again?"—"You simple people," replied the missionary, "how does everything grow? is it not by sowing seed?" They immediately shouted, "Oh, these English people! they sow seed upon a bald man's head to make the hair grow!" One shrewd fellow inquired whether he had brought any of the seed with him! The good missionary carried on the joke for a short time, and then raised his wig. The revelation of his "original head," of course, drew forth a roar of laughter, which was greatly increased when one of the natives shouted to some of his countrymen who were near, "Here, see Mr. —, he has come from England with his head thatched; he has come from England with his head thatched!"

Illustration of their Eloquence.

[The following is, perhaps, unequalled by anything in our own language.]

On the following Tuesday I requested Teava to conduct our morning's devotions; and, being much pleased with the novelty and excellency of his prayer, and the pious fervour of his manner, I wrote it down immediately after, and have preserved the following extract:—

"If we fly up to heaven, we shall find thee there; if we dwell upon the land, thou art there; if we sail upon the sea, thou art there; and this affords us comfort; so that we sail upon the ocean without fear, because thou, O God, art in our ship. The king of our bodies has his subjects to whom he issues his orders: but, if he himself goes with them, his presence stimulates their zeal: they begin it with energy, they do it soon, they do it well. O Lord, thou art the King of our spirits; thou hast issued orders to thy subjects to do a great work; thou hast commanded them to go into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature: we, O Lord, are going upon that errand; and let thy presence go with us to quicken us, and enable us to persevere in the great work until we die. Thou hast said that thy presence shall go with thy people, even unto the end of the world. Fulfill, O Lord, to us this cheering promise. I see, O Lord, a compass in this vessel, by which the shipmen steer the right way; do thou be our compass to direct us in the right course, that we may escape obstructions and dangers in our work. Be to us, O Lord, the compass of salvation."

Their religious devotedness.

During my previous visit to this island, I was explaining to the people, one evening, the manner in which English Christians raised money to send the Gospel to heathen countries. On hearing this, they expressed their regret at not having money, that they also might enjoy the privilege of "helping in the good work of causing the word of God to grow." I replied, "If you have no money, you have something to buy money with." This idea was quite new to them, and they wished to know at once what they possessed which would buy money. I said to them, "The pigs I brought to your island on my first visit have multiplied so greatly, that all of you have now an abundance; and if every family in the island were to set apart a pig, 'for causing the word of God to grow,' and, when the ships come, to sell them for money, instead of cloth and axes, a valuable contribution might be raised." The idea delighted them exceedingly, and early the next morning the squeaking of the pigs, which were receiving a particular mark in the ear for this purpose, was heard from one end of the settlement to the other. In the interim a ship had been there, the captain of which had purchased their pigs, and paid for them most honourably; and, now, to my utter astonishment, the native treasurer put into my hands 103*l.*, partly in bills, and partly in cash! This was the first money they ever possessed, and every farthing of it was dedicated to the cause of Christ!

The Public Journals.

[It is sometime since we perused a work which promises so fairly to become a public favourite, as *Blaine's Encyclopedia of Rural Sports*, the first Part of which has just appeared. It is, principally, a compilation from the works of various authors, but rather carelessly strung together, as is evidenced in the first and second subsections of the third Part or Book; this, doubtless, will be remedied as the work proceeds. It is very neatly and closely printed, and illumined with numerous engravings on wood. The following extract is a fair specimen of the author's handling of his subjects; it is relative to *The Field Sports of Ireland*:—]

As a sporting country, Ireland offers almost unbounded advantages, even at the present day; and what may be truly called wild sports, so dear to the real lover of nature when undisguised, may yet be pursued here, and after a manner known to few of us, localised, as we are, where population extends into every nook, and where active industry may be almost said to have domesticated, not only the animals themselves, but every portion almost of the soil they tread on. It is true that the game pursued in Ireland is essentially the same as in England, but the pursuers widely differ. The face of their country, bold and rugged as many parts of it are, may have some influence

in this respect; certain it is, that it cherishes a race equally erratic and enterprising. The following, from the spirited descriptions of the writer of the *Wild Sports of the West*, may serve to bring before the reader's eyes an illustration of our assertions:—"The passage down the inlet was marked with several incidents which were in perfect keeping with the wild and savage scenery around. A seal would suddenly raise his round head above the surface, gaze for a moment at the boat, and when he had apparently satisfied his curiosity, sink quietly from our view. In rounding the numerous headlands through which this inlet irregularly winds, we often started flocks of curlews, which, rising in alarm at our unexpected appearance, made the rocks ring with their loud and piercing whistle. Skirting the shores of Linnis Higgle, we disturbed an osprey, or sea-eagle, in the act of feeding on a bird. He rose leisurely, and, lighting on a rock, waited till we passed, and then returned to his prey. We ran sufficiently close to the shore to observe the size and colour of the bird, and concluded that a grouse had been the eagle's victim."

"The contrast between the Irish and English sportsman is most emphatically portrayed:—At this moment of indecision, old Antony, the otter killer, one of that numerous and nondescript personages who locate themselves in the houses of the Irish gentry, passed the window with a fine salmon and a brace of trout, sixteen inches long. How fresh and sparkling is the phosphoric shading of the scales, as the old man turns them round for my inspection! What a beautiful fish! it barely measures thirty inches, and is fully ten pounds weight! That short and deep-shouldered *brid-down salmon* is worth all the lubberly roach, dace, perch, and gudgeons, that the Thames contains, from its source to its debouchement. I looked after the ancient otter-hunter with envy. How lowly would he be estimated in the eyes of a Cheapside fisherman; one who wears a modest-coloured jacket, lest a showy garment might annoy the plethoric animals he is dabbling for; whose white basket is constructed of the finest wicker-work—with rods and reels, floats and flies, pastes and patties, lures and liguers, sufficient to load a donkey—how contemptuously would he look down upon honest Antony! Figure to yourself a little feeble man, dressed in a jorkin of coarse blue cloth, with an otter (a fancy of my cousin's) blazoned on his arm. In one hand he holds a fish-spear, which assists him when he meets with rugged ground; in the other a very unpretending angle, jointed rudely with a penknife, and secured by waxen threads; a cast of flies, he wound about his hat, and his remaining stock, not exceeding half a dozen, are contained between the leaves of a tattered song-book. In the same depository he has some silk, dyed mohair, a hare's ear, and a few feathers from the cock, brown turkey, and mallard; which simple materials furnish him with most efficient flies."

The scenery of Ireland, it is well known, is much of it bold in the extreme. Kerry abounds with the grand and the picturesque. Witness the lofty precipices of the Eagle's Crag, which burst as it were suddenly on the view. Here, it is not uncommon to see the osprey darting from the rocky summit in search of food for its young, which are secreted in some unapproachable fissure. After several aerial gyrations, it is seen to dart downwards and plunge into the water, emerging from it immediately with a fish in its talons, with which it rises to the rocky height it so lately left, and presents to its young the fruits of its plunder. As the waters reach the sea, the coast scenery still maintains its grandeur; and on the shores the natives shoot the wildfowl, or ensnare fish from the rocks. 'Seals also,' says the descriptive writer we have lately copied from, 'are very numerous on the coast; and at this season a number may be seen any warm day you make an excursion up the Sound of Ardhil. We shoot them occasionally, the skin making a waterproof covering, and the fat affording an excellent oil for many domestic purposes. It is difficult, however, to secure the animal, for numbers are shot, but few are taken. The head is the only place to strike them; for, even when mortally wounded in the body, they generally manage to escape. This fact we have ascertained from finding them dead on the shore many days after they were wounded, and a considerable distance from the place where they had received the bullet. I shot one last autumn at the mouth of the river, and a fortnight afterwards he was taken up in the neighbourhood of Duhill. There could be no doubt as to the identity of the creature, for, on opening him to extract the oil, a rifle-ball, such as I use, of the unusually small size of fifty-four to the pound, was found lodged in his lungs. Unless when killed outright, they sink instantly; and I have seen the sea dyed with blood to an extent that proved how severely the seal had been wounded, but have never been able to trace him farther. Formerly when seal oil and skins were valuable, some persons on the coast made the pursuit of the animal a profession.'"

RECIPE FOR THE CURE OF THE PLAGUE.

To the Editor of the Mirror.

THIS extract, from a letter addressed by Sir R. Long, Chancellor of the Exchequer, to his clerk, at the time of the plague in London, 1665, may not be uninteresting to the readers of the *Mirror*—the first part of the letter relates to official business—I presume Sir Robert was, at the date of the letter, out of town with the king and his court, to avoid the plague.

"I pray use all possible care to preserve yourselves and my house, send for things to burne, and make use of them dayly, lett no body stirre out, nor any suitors come into y^e house or office. Lett every one take every

morning a little London tréacle, or the Kernell of a walnut with 5 leaves of rue, and a grayne of salt, beaten together and roasted in a fagg, and soe eaten—and never stirre out fasting—lett not the porter come into the house—take all course agaynst the ratte, and take care of the catte; the little ones that will not stirre out may be kept—the great ones must be kil'd or sent away.

“Rob. Long,
“July 5, 1695.”

Sir Robert considered, no doubt, that “prevention is better than cure;” how well his prescription succeeded I know not. R. C.

THE ELECTRIC GIRLS OF SMYRNA.

THE two Smyrna girls, whose persons present such remarkable electric phenomena, landed, as you are aware, at Marseilles, in the beginning of last month. In hopes of realizing a splendid fortune, they intended to exhibit themselves in France, and other parts of the Continent. Immediately on their arrival, several persons, including various men of science and professors, visited them, and ascertained the following phenomenon:—The girls stationed themselves facing each other, at the end of a large table, keeping at a distance from it of one or two feet, according to their electric dispositions. When a few minutes had elapsed, a crackling, resembling that of the electric fluid spreading over a sheet of gilt paper, was heard—when the table received a strong shake, which always made it advance from the elder to the younger sister. A key, nail, or any piece of iron placed on the table, instantaneously stopped the phenomenon. When the iron was adapted to the under part of the table, it produced no effect upon the experiment. Saving this singular circumstance, the facts observed constantly followed the known laws of electricity, whether glass insulators were used, or whether one of the girls wore silk garments. In the latter case, the electric properties of both were neutralized. Such was the state of the matter for some days after the arrival of the young Greeks, but the temperature having become cooler, and the atmosphere having loaded itself with humidity, all perceptible electric virtue would seem to have deserted them. One may conceive the melancholy of these girls, and the disappointment of the two Greeks, their relations, who have come with them in order to share their anticipated wealth.—*Marseilles Letter*, Sept. 1839.

TREATMENT OF HORSES ON A JOURNEY.

VARIOUS opinions exist as to the best divisions of the stages which a horse should be ridden or driven when performing a long journey. This must, in some degree, be regulated by his condition. If he is fit to go, with a journey of one hundred and fifty miles to perform,

and three days to do it in, I should divide the distance into twenty-five miles each, or as near as the accommodation on the road would permit, starting, especially in the summer time, early in the morning, and performing the first twenty-five miles before breakfast. This enables you to have your horse well dressed, and to afford him three or four hour's rest; and if he will eat two quarters of oats and a quartern of beans (which should be divided into two feeds, he will not take much harm. A moderate quantity of water must be given; at the same time, it must be observed, that too much will cause most horses to scour, and likewise to sweat more profusely; therefore, the less he has in reason the better, till his day's work is completed, when he should have as much as he is inclined to take. Gruel is an excellent thing, but it is not readily procured, properly made, on the road; it should invariably be boiled, and I prefer it made with wheat flour, as it remains longer on the stomach, and is less relaxing than when made with oatmeal. The usual method of preparing what they call gruel at inns, is to mix oatmeal with warm water, in which state it is decidedly bad; its emollient quality is produced by boiling, and if I cannot procure it in that state, I prefer water.—*Old Sporting Magazine*, for October.

Arts and Sciences.

THE HARMONIPHON.

A MUSICAL instrument, lately invented by M. Paris, of Dijon, has attracted much notice in France. It resembles the instrument called the Concertina, well known in London from the very clever performance of young Regondi; but it seems to be superior, in some respects, to the Concertina. The sound is produced by the vibration of thin metallic plates, and it is played by keys like those of the pianoforte; but the air which acts upon the vibrating substances, instead of proceeding from bellows within the instrument, is blown by the mouth, through an elastic tube. The excellence of the instrument, accordingly, consists in this, that while the fingers on the keys, merely mark the different notes of the scale, the expression lies in the mouth. It is the living breath of the performer, which gives accent, articulation, and emphasis to the notes, as in the oboe or clarinet, and enables the performer to “discourse most eloquent music,” in a manner which the production of sound by the mechanical contrivance of a bellows does not admit of. The Harmoniphon is made in three varieties; the first is of the compass of the oboe, the second of the Cornu Inglesse, and the third, of a larger size than the others, combines both these instruments, and has a compass of three octaves. This instrument is highly approved by the French composers; and one of them, M. Adolphe Adam, has given an account of it in

the "Monde Dramatique," in which its capabilities are pointed out. It is calculated, in particular, to be of great utility in provincial orchestras, where it is an excellent substitute for the oboe—an instrument as disagreeable in the hands of an ordinary performer as it is delightful in those of a Grattan Cooke. Accordingly, we are informed, the Harmoniphon has already been adopted in the orchestras of many provincial theatres and musical societies.—*The Polytechnic Journal*.

ENGRAVING ON MARBLE.

A DISCOVERY of some importance to the statuary has recently been made by Mr. C. Page, of Pimlico, by means of which engraving on marble is greatly improved. In cutting letters in marble in the ordinary method, the edges chip off, and the defects are covered by painting them over; but Mr. Page obviates this difficulty by covering the surface of the polished marble with a coat of cement before the chisel is used. The cement effectually prevents the marble from chipping; and when the coating is removed, the letters remain as perfect as if cut in copper.—*Engineer and Architect's Journal*.

FINE ARTS IN ITALY.

We give insertion to the following well authenticated anecdotes to show that many of our wealthy countrymen are most egregiously imposed upon in their quest of old pictures and ancient statues; this mania has become so general, that many artists of talent are compelled to fabricate old pictures reputed to have been painted by the ancient masters; statues, busts, and fragments of sculpture, are chiselled out of Greek or Parian marble, and to favour the deception, they are defaced and stained by iron-rust and tobacco-juice, to give the fragments the appearance of having been decomposed and stained by the hand of time. Coins and engraved gems are also commonly made and sold as antique. It is but justice to declare that we have seen works in sculpture in imitation of ancient art so well executed, and their style and character in such strict unison with the purity of Greek art, that they have baffled the most experienced eye to discover the fraud. The celebrated Girometti of Rome, by command of the late Pius 8th, made a copy of a gem engraved by Discorides, both the original and copy of which were deposited in the museum. One, however, was stolen, and sold by the purloiner to a nobleman for a large sum of money, but most fortunately the stolen cameo proved, on examination, not to be the original. A Mr. —, an Englishman of some considerable attainments and taste for the fine arts, was commissioned by the English government to visit Rome for the purpose of purchasing works of art for the British Museum; on his arrival in this city, he found his way to the sanctum sanctorum of Vescovalle, in Piazza di Spagna, a dealer in antiquities, when that

man of art expatiated with all the subtle eloquence of an Italian, on the merits of his wares. Our countryman felt flattered at the compliments so unsparingly paid to his taste and discernment in having selected some of the most soul-breathing creations of the chisel. Mr. —, elated with his good fortune, called on our distinguished fellow-countryman, Gibson, the eminent sculptor, to invite him to a high intellectual treat, and on the road to the shop, Mr. M. spoke of Phidias and Praxiteles, and dwelt with the eloquence of a Philostratus on the beauties of the works which he had selected, giving quotations from Pliny, Winckelmann, and Visconti, in proof of their authenticity. Our artist felt humbled in his own estimation after such Demosthenian eloquence, and filled with veneration as a lover of Greek art, they entered the studio where our man of letters pointed with conscious pride to the objects he had selected; our sculptor was thunderstruck, not at the beauties of the works, but at the statues, as they were indeed nondescripts, monstrosities, composed of odd fragments, the works of sculptors of the time of Constantine, consequently of the worst era of Roman art.

CONDITION OF THE WORKING CLASSES IN THE CITY OF BRISTOL.

3028 houses were examined, containing 5981 families, consisting of 20,717 persons; 5363 were boys, and 5493 girls. English, 5220; Irish, 501; Welsh, 170; Scotch, 15; French, 5; Italian, 6; Dutch, 5; German, 5; Prussian, 2; Swiss, 1; East and West Indian, 2; and American, 1: not ascertained, 48. Families having sufficient cupboards or shelves, 3688; having some, but deficient, 1421; without any, 872. Families having religious books (Bible and Prayer-Book only, or both), 3450; having other books or tracts, or parts of some, 947; not having any books or tracts (including two not ascertained), 1604. Families having prints of some kind on the walls, 3030; not having any, 2938; not ascertained, 13. Families clean and respectable, 3610; dirty and disreputable, 1095; in considerable distress, 660; condition not ascertained, 616. Heads of families depositors in savings' banks, or members of benefit societies or trade clubs, 940; not depositors, nor belonging to any benefit society, &c., 4973; not ascertained, 68. Heads of families who can read and write (more or less), 5122; who can only read, 2523. Total who can read, 7645; unable to read or write, 2204; not ascertained, 12. (Men, 4583; women, 5278.) Average rent paid by 1799 families, for one room unfurnished, 1s. 3½d. per week; 4 families, for one room unfurnished, free; 943 families, for two rooms unfurnished, 1s. 11½d. per week; 790 families, for 3 rooms unfurnished, 2s. 5½d. per week; 632 families, for 1 room furnished, 2s. 0¾d. per week; 10 families, for 2 rooms furnished, 2s. 10½d. per week; 1156 families, for houses (under 20s.),

9l. 9s. 8d. per annum; 59 families, for houses 20l. (and above); 588 not ascertained. Of the houses, the lowest rent was, per annum, 3l. Of the children, are healthy, 10,085; unhealthy (1-14th), 771. Children at school, not above 3 years of age, 120; from 3 to 14 years old, 3394; above 14 years old, 222. Children not at school, not above 3 years of age, 2294; from 3 to 14 years old, 2535; above 14 years old, 2291. Children stated by their parents to be able to read and write, 2010; able to read only, 3934; unable to read or write, under 7 years of age, 3603; above 7 years of age, 1309. Children able to repeat the Lord's Prayer, 6504; not able, or too young, 4352.

Religious Professions.—Church of England, 4547; Roman Catholics, 489; Methodists, 223; Dissenters (other), 589; Jews, 5; without any profession, 81; not ascertained, 47; heads of families, 5981.—*Birmingham Meeting.*

The Gatherer.

The use of your humble servant first came into England in the time of Queen Mary, daughter of Henry the Fourth of France, which is derived from "*Voire tres humble serviteur.*" The usual salutation before that period, was *God keep you! God be with you!* and among the vulgar, *How d'ye do?* with a hearty thump on the shoulder.

A Clerical Dandy of 1652.—Wood says, [*Athen. Oxon.* ii. 738. No. 572.] that Dr. Owen, dean of Christchurch, and Cromwell's vice-chancellor at Oxford, in 1652, used to go, "like a young scholar, with powdered hair, snake-bone band strings, or band strings with very large tassels, lawn band, a large set of ribbands, pointed at his knees, and Spanish-leather boots, with large lawn tops, and his hat mostly cocked."

White was anciently used as a term of fondling, or endearment. In the *Return from Parnassus*, 1606, Amoretto's page says, "When he returns, I'll tell twenty admirable lies of his hawk; and then I shall be his little rogue, his *white villain*, for a whole week after." [Act ii., sc. vi.] Doctor Busby used to call his favourite scholars, his *White Boys*. Various other authorities might be cited.

Fine Arts in the Provinces.—An exhibition of paintings was lately opened at Leamington, with every prospect of great encouragement. It contains drawings by Prout, Copley, Fielding, Luke Price, Barrett, Stanfield, R. A., Henry Shaw, &c.—*Coventry Herald.*

Sleeping in Church.—"I didn't like our minister's sermon last Sunday," said a deacon who had slept all sermon-time, to a brother deacon. "Didn't like it, brother A. I why, I saw you nodding assent to every proposition of the parson."

Never trust a man who lays his hand on his heart.

Climate of London in October.—A correspondent observes, that the air and soil in London are better than persons who are resident in the metropolis generally imagine. He illustrates his opinion by stating, that at the cornerhouse of Montagu-street, Russell-square, there is a large pear tree, recently laden with delicious fruit; abundance of ripe mulberries may now be seen in a garden in Charlotte-street, Bedford-square, and a large crop of mangel wurzel in a garden in Gower-street, near the University.—1839.

Eclipses of the Sun and Moon.—In the year 1840 there will be two eclipses of the sun and two of the moon—all invisible in this country. The eclipses of the sun are on the 4th of March and 27th of August. The first is annular, and visible to the whole of Asia; the second is total, and is visible to part of Africa, and the Indian Ocean. Those of the moon occur on the 17th of February and the 13th of August. They are both partial—the magnitude of the first being 362 on the southern limb, and the second 607 on the northern limb, the diameter of the moon being reckoned equal to 1.

Taking Snuff.—A person observed to his friend, who was learning to take snuff, that it was wrong to teach one's nose a bad habit, as a man generally followed his nose.

The Typoface.—The Bordeaux papers mention that a young sculptor of that city has discovered a method of taking casts of the human face, which, without requiring that the features should be reduced to a state of perfect rigidity, allows them to preserve all their natural play, and thus produces an exact resemblance with the animation of life. His name is Pellet, and he designates his apparatus the Typoface.

Woman's Tongue.—The tongue of a woman is her sword, and she never suffers it to grow rusty.

There is no science which has been so little indebted to chance for the advances made in it, as astronomy; none in which man's reason appears so great, and man himself so little.

The hour-glass reminds us not only of the swift flight of time, but also of the dust to which we must return.

Lightning-Travelling.—Mr. Brunel, it is reported, has succeeded in obtaining a railway speed equal to two hundred miles an hour!!

A Welshman and an Englishman disputed, which of their lands maintained the greatest state: The Englishman the Welshman quite confuted: Yet would the Welshman knight his brave estate: "Ten cocks in Wales, quoth he, 'one wedding wee!'" "True, quoth the other, '—But how 'counts his cheese!'"
H. Perrot, 1841.

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